SCOOBY-DOO!™

HAUNTED SKI LODGE

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"Rrrrr! Brrrr!" Scooby-Doo and Shaggy hugged each other to keep warm.
"Like, it's freezing out here," said Shaggy.
"Well, it is winter," said Velma.
"And we are outside, waiting to ski," Daphne added.
"And you are eating ice cream," said Fred.

"Well, Scoob, old buddy. Let's get some hot dogs then!" Shaggy grinned.
"Rummy!" replied Scooby.
"Ski lodge, here we come!" said Shaggy.
"Not so fast!" said Fred. "We came to this mountain to ski. And that is what we are going to do."

"But we better do it fast," Velma said. "I heard there is a storm watch. If the snow gets bad, the mountain may close."

Velma, Fred and Daphne hopped onto the ski lift. "See you at the top!" said Daphne.

Then it was Shaggy and Scooby's turn.
"Oomph!" The bench crashed into them, and they tumbled onto the seat.
"Going up!" said Shaggy.
The buddies glided over the trees to the top of the mountain.

"Time to get off, good buddy," Shaggy said.

"Rokay," said Scooby.

"Ron, roo…ree!"

Scooby and Shaggy jumped off the ski lift.

"Wooooaaaaah!"

They slipped and slid and teetered and tottered off the path, and away from their friends. They couldn't stop.

Finally, they stumbled to a stop – in front of another ski lodge.
"How about a rest?" said Shaggy.
"Reah!" said Scooby.
Shaggy grinned. "Groovy. We can get those hot dogs now!"

Inside, the lodge was dark. Cobwebs hung from the ceiling. Sheets covered tables. And dust covered everything.

"There's no one here," said Shaggy, disappointed. "No cooks or waiters." He picked up a phone. "And no dial tone. We can't even call for pizza."

Scooby padded into the kitchen.
"Yummy!" said Shaggy.
He opened a door. Out tumbled
popcorn and potato crisps.
"Eat first!" Shaggy shouted. "Ski later!"
Scooby ripped open one bag.
Shaggy ripped open another.

"C-r-e-a-k!" Shaggy stopped eating.
"What was that?"
"C-R-E-A-K!"
Slowly, slowly, the kitchen door swung open.
Slowly, slowly, the kitchen door swung closed.
"Whoooo!" A ghostly cry filled the air.

"Boom!" Something crashed upstairs. Shaggy dropped his popcorn. "Boom!" Scooby dropped his crisps.
"Rhost!" shouted Scooby.

Shapes swirled outside the windows.
Bangs echoed through the lodge.
"Whoooo! Whoooo!"
"Like, it's not just one ghost!" Shaggy moaned. "This place is crawling with ghosts!"

They ran for the door.
"Push!" said Shaggy. Scooby pushed. But the door wouldn't open.
"Rull!" Scooby said. Shaggy pulled. But the door still wouldn't open.
"We're trapped!" Shaggy cried.

They crawled under the table.
"Oh, why did we go off on
our own?" Shaggy sobbed.
"How are we going to get out?"

All at once, the door swung open. Great white shapes floated inside.
"Zoinks! They're closing in!" said Shaggy.
One lifted an arm and pointed right at them.
"Raggy!" shouted Scooby. "Run!"

The buddies raced around the ghosts.
"Stop!" one commanded.
Shaggy skidded to a stop. The voice sounded familiar.
"What are you guys doing?" asked another ghost.
"Are you okay?" asked the third.

"Velma?" said Shaggy. "Fred?"
"Raphne?" Scooby added.
Velma, Daphne and Fred shook off the snow covering their heads, arms and legs.

"Of course it's us," said Fred. "We followed your tracks to find you."
"We thought you were ghosts," Shaggy explained, "and that this place was haunted."

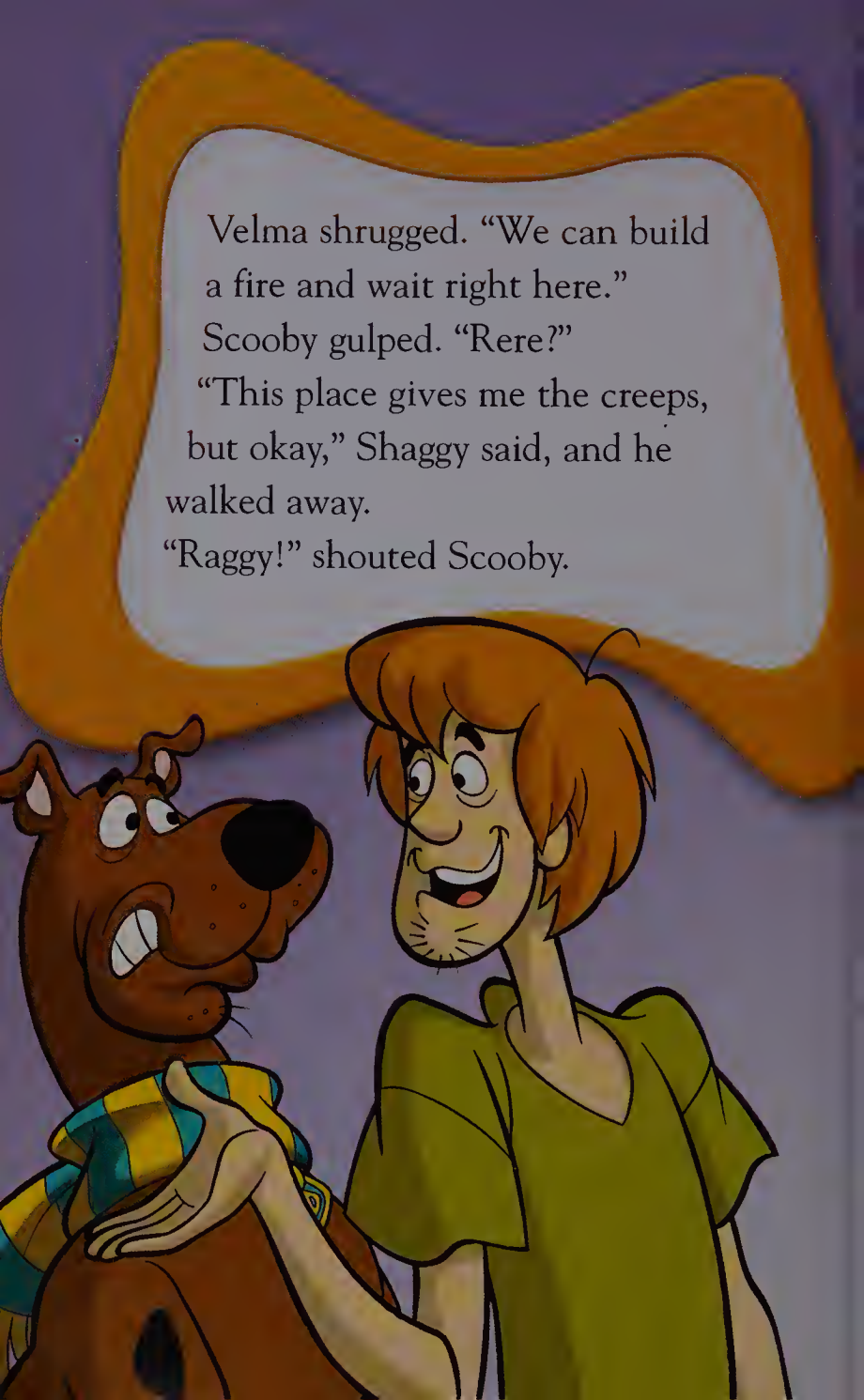
"Whoooo! Whoooo! Boom! Crash!"
Shaggy jumped into Scooby's arms.
"See?" said Shaggy. "Listen to that!"
"The wind is making the 'whoooo' noise,"
Velma said.
"And the booms?" asked Shaggy.

"That's just tree branches hitting the roof."
Shaggy pointed to the white shapes outside
the window. "Explain that!"
Fred laughed. "Easy. It's snow blowing around."

"But the door opened and closed by itself," said Shaggy. "Then it was stuck. This place really is haunted!"

Shaggy tried to run but slipped in a puddle of melted snow. "Don't be silly," said Velma. "The wind blew against the door so hard it wouldn't open."

Daphne patted Scooby. "The storm is really bad. The mountain is closing."
Fred checked his watch. "We missed the last ski lift run. What are we going to do now?"

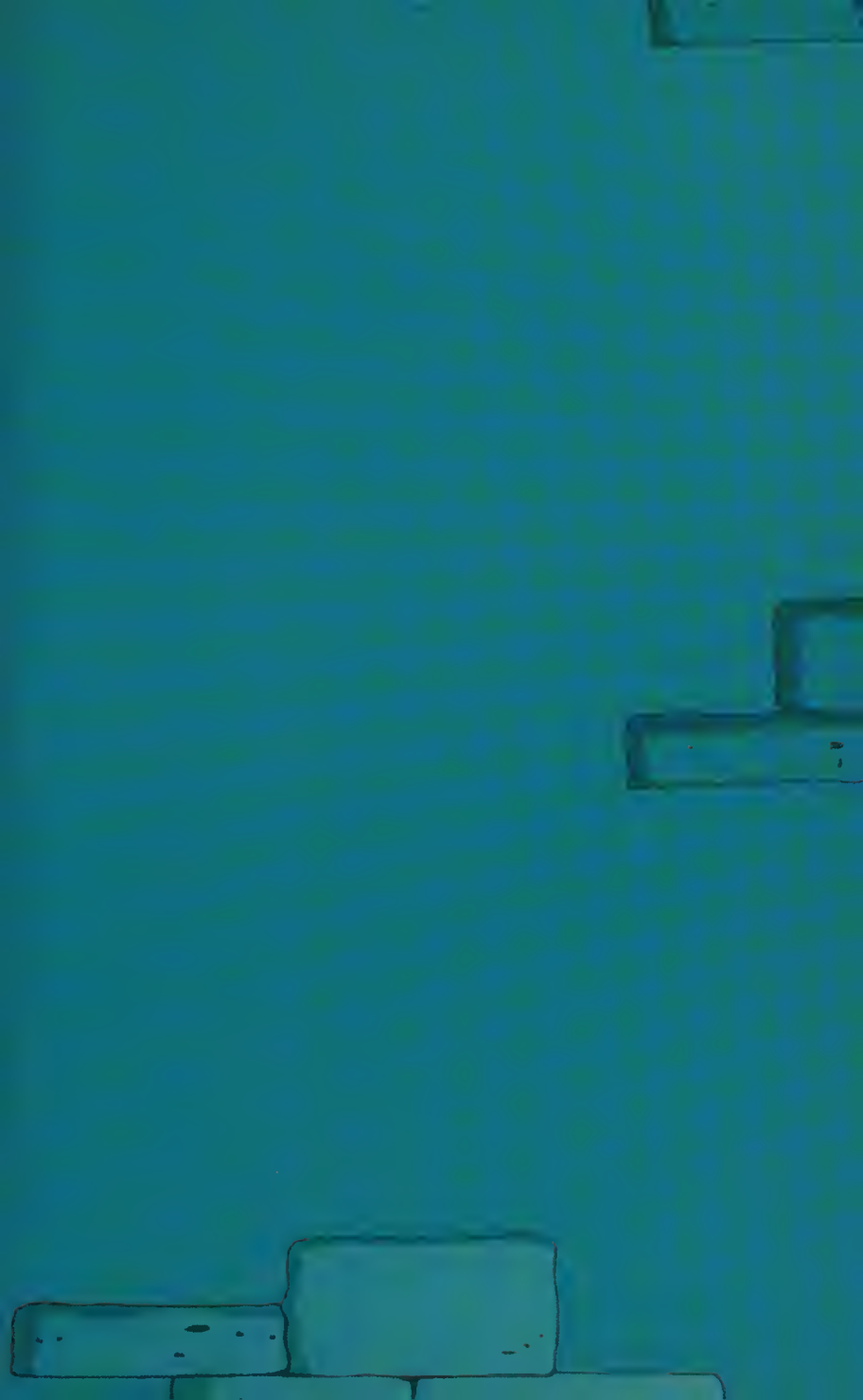

Velma shrugged. "We can build a fire and wait right here."
Scooby gulped. "Rere?"
"This place gives me the creeps, but okay," Shaggy said, and he walked away.
"Raggy!" shouted Scooby.

"Like, cool it, good buddy," said Shaggy. He pointed to the fire. "I'm just getting the marshmallows!"

"See, guys, this ski lodge isn't so bad," said Velma.

"So long as we don't run out of marshmallows it's cool. Right, Scooby?" Shaggy replied.

"Scooby-Dooby-Doo!"



SCOOBY-DOO!

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A DAY'S SKIING MEANS LOTS OF FUN FOR THE MYSTERY INC. GANG. BUT A BIG STORM STRANDS SCOOBY AND SHAGGY IN AN EMPTY SKI LODGE.

THEY HEAR TAPPING. THEY HEAR BANGING. THEY SEE STRANGE SHADOWS. IS THE LODGE HAUNTED? ONLY SCOOBY-DOO CAN SOLVE THIS MYSTERY.

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